ompany.
"And as for all that wall—why just look

at its height—nothin' at all for a dog like him. So if Gabriel does blow his big horn.

old Bob'll skim over that wall and be in with the boys before the first blast has

PRINCE HENRY AS A CADET.

Was Popular With Them.

From the Boston Evening Transcript

e way in which the sailors were told to ad-

ress Prince Henry of Prussla when he was

nder instruction on board the German

training ship Niobe. C. C. Ledder of this city, a native of Germany, served his time

his nautical education on the old woode

rigate Mr Ledder remembers the young obleman perfectly well, and recalls some

interesting anecdotes of him. Since the Prince left the ship, when she went to her

berth at Kiel. Mr. Ledder has kept in touch

with his career. He believes the Kaiser'

brother is a great man in every sense of th

word, and says that ever since he was a mere lad Prince Henry has been democratic in

The Niobe was an old wooden frigat

which had been purchased from England

When the young Prince was abourd, the Niot

as her complement. It was in the summer

of 1875 that the training ship with Prince Henry aboard visited the Baltic Sea, cruising

long the coast of Norway, the coast of Eng-and, and other points near the German coast

This cruise was the usual summer trip to afford the cadets drill at sea. It lasted about

four months. At that time the German Navy consisted of only a half a dozen modern

chips, and they would hardly be termed modern at the present time. Although the

Niobe was a salling ship, not even having steam for auxiliary power, she was fast and pretty well adapted to the uses to which

she was put. It was while the Prince was aboard that the old frigate made what is

probably the finest sailing record credited to any German ship. She left the coast of

celand two hours after the royal mail steamer

the steamer had tied up at her pier; in other

words, the Niobe equalled the record of what was then one of the finest mail steamers afloat.

ch was the ship on which the brother of Kaiser received his first training on the

When the Prince had been assigned to

when the Frince and been assigned to quarters with the other cadets aboard, aid Mr. Ledder, "we were called to quar-ters and the captain, named, I think, Burger gave us instructions as to how we were t address Prince Henry. We were informe that he must be called 'Königliche Hoheit

FROM OUR COUSIN'S FARM

Those Who Read "The Sun" are those you need in your business. Do not forget this when you have goods of value for sale,—Adv.

She was similar to our famous Constitution

earing toward men under him.

on this ship when the Prince, then a lad

Königliche Hoheit" (Royal Highness)

died away.

Pirst a Hungry Vagrant-Then a Canine Philanthropist, Fire Fighter and Pet of Children - Honors Showered Upon Him-His Funeral Held by the City.

Copyright, 1903, by K. A. Whitehead. That there may be no misunderstanding let me say at the beginning, that Bob had no more pedigree than he had tail—and the most optimistic wields. measure could not have pretended to find more than an inch and a half of length in that member. As one of his beet friends

"Pedigree? Shucks! A dog that can get along as well as he can, with only an inch of tail, can get along without no pedigree at all," and he did.

It was in the chief city of "the Slope, as the fair State of California is often called by those who love her, that Bob won and wore his honors; but where and of whom he was born, deponent sayeth not, because deponent doesn't know.

Judging from his teeth, the loosened of his skin and the tenderness of his shortened tail, he was about a year old when he first made himself known at the market. but, judging by his wasted and worn condition, by the battle scars and marks of cruel usage upon him, he might have been a hundred.

Early one Thursday morning. Tom Braddock, hanging hams from the upper row of hooks in his father's butcher stall, heard a sudden, piercing cry of pain, mingled with a string of oaths. Glancing over his shoulder he saw a brindled body, pro pelled by Bill Green's mighty boot, hurled clean to the open door, whence the poor beast limped slowly out and shiveringly hid himself behind some potato barrels.

"The brute!" said red-cheeked Tom, as he began to cut up meat, "he need not have kicked the dog like that, he could have driven him away without smashing in his ribs.'

The boy would have taken the scrape and trimmings to the poor beast had he not feared the jeering laughter of the men about him. But the market was filling and Tom was soon busy waiting on customers, and that shivering misery that personified fear of man, scourged and whipped by the pangs of hunger, once

more entered his presence. This time he crouched a frightened moment by Braddock's stall, and the blue eyes of the man accidently met the famished yellow-brown eyes of the dog.

"Why," said Tom afterward, "it seemed like I could look clear down into his empty belly, and I couldn't stand it, so laugh or no laugh, I flung him a bit of meat, and he sprang into the air and caught at it with a snap of his jaws just as a fish springs and enaps up a fly.

"And the taste of the meat seemed to drive him fairly mad for more. He planted his paws on the block. But the queerest thing was that he never grabbed a thing, but just climbed and begged and shook!" Some time later Bill Green was again heard cursing and then rose a woman's

"Ah! It's a great pity for you, Bill Green to begrudge a dog a lap of water! Come here, old fellow! Come here, old bob-tailhere's water for you!" and Garden Mary as she was called, sat down a tin pan of water for the shrinking dog, who crept cautiously forward and drank as if he would never stop, after which he dropped out of sight and thought.

Imagine the elder Braddock's surprise when in the next morning's dim light he saw stretched against the stall gate a largish brindled dog, who sternly disputed the right of entrance. In vain he ordered, in vain he threatened, even coaxed-the bob-tailed, self-elected guardian of the stall would not permit the owner to use his key.

But the moment Tom approached, a ump of tail quivered a very ecstasy of welcome. The dog leaped upon Tom with upraised, adoring eyes and covered his certainly required explanation.

Fortunately for young Thomas the elder Braddock had some sense of the ridicu-Green, and the idea of that strange cur's walking in and taking possession of his stall, protecting it even against the approach of the legitimate owner, so amused him that he not only forget to swear at the feedhe not only forget to swear at the feeding, but remarked that he himself had
better give the beast, who seemed to
have the true watch-dog instinct, some
meat trimmings or bones, that he might
have the right of entrance to his place
of business, and that was the beginning
of Bob's long management of the market.
The name had not been given to him
by any one in particular, but by every
one in general. Indeed, it illustrated the
force of circumstances, for so much dog

force of circumstances, for so much dog

with so little tail simply couldn't help being called Bob He had too much dignity for Bobbie. His was the beauty of ugliness, for in him must have mingled the blood of mustiff, Dane and bulldog, so one may imagine what a freak of characteristics he was.

Any dog fancier attempting to judge and class him would undoubtedly have accepted the hospitality of the insane asylum immediately afterward. It would be much easier to tell what Bob was not than what he was, but, as so often happens with cross-bred or even mongrel dogs, his intelligence was amazing, another in-stance of the law of compensation—Mother

stance of the law of compensation—Mother Nature making up in sharpness of wits, in brain power, what is lacking in beauty and breeding.

Bob had a Dane's height and should have had a Dane's tail—but, alas! He had a mastif's short, solemn face with a scar across his skull, that gave him a most piratical look. His eyes were gemlike in brilliancy, child-like in gentleness and love.

In brilliancy, child-like in gentleness and love.

He crept timidly in and out for a day or two, receiving his due at the Braddock's stall, but one morning he approached Garden Mary's saand seeking a drink. She, poor soul, was a newly made widow, trying to run the vegetable stall her husbend had managed formerly.

Having a little child and no one to care for it, she brought the tot with her, and when hig, angainly Bob came to get his drink, the child with a chuckle of delight caught him by both ears, pulling him toward her, with all her strength. A woman customer screamed

woman customer screamed.

"The child! He'li kall her!"

The terrifled unther screamed to save the mischievous youngster, who had pulled Bob's loese sith forward until it looked like a hood drawn over his eyes. But rather it was the patient and tailless one who received resue.

The grate and lifted the child with one arm, while with the other she encircled the neck of the strange dog, who might so easily have snapped at the torment for easily have snapped at the termentin little maid. Boo had another friend for

Soon he dropped his frightened stealthy manner. He knew two places that he might approach with decent assurance, and as he filled out a bit and assumed a certain dignity, he was greeted with a friendly "Hallo, Bob." by various butchers and stallholders.

and standarders.

After a while he took considerable interest in the unloading of the wagens by lanternlight, and trotted about sniffing at the horses, and sometimes conversing gravely and earnestly under the wagons with a

by name—whose only occupation was unloading market wagons. That done, he sat about on crates or boxes and smoked

No one knew who he was. Like Bob he had but one name, and that was homeless, and the two fastened themselves like a pair of barnacles to the hulk of the old market

old market.

As Hank sat on a crate and smoked one day he saw Bob catch by the back of its neck a gray, old live rat and toss it over his head, a gray old dead rat. The mouldering heart of Hank warmed with quick admiration, for the world over the instinct of killing is shared alike by man and dog; and verily a dog that killeth a rat is as great as the man that taketh a

city.
Immediately the two-legged waif addressed with profane friendliness the fourdressed with profane friendliness the four-legged one, whom ten minutes before he would have more profanely kicked. He proceeded to teach Bob to shake hands.

proceeded to teach Bob to shake hands, and to put out fire with his paws.
Bob would have played hookey like other unwilling students, but he had the market on his mind and couldn't; so Hank, with a stolen cracker in his pocket, began with burning matches, making Bob put them out with his paw and then instantly giving him a bit of cracker.
From matches he advanced to small bits of burning paper, and when Hank said: "Fire!" Bob, with uplifted foot and eager eyes, thought cracker, and sprang upon the flame, striking right and left, growling and barking furiously.
Then it was that he began to show himself in his true character of canine philan-

Then it was that he began to show himself in his true character of canine philanthropist. One morning Tom noticed that Bob instead of eating his scraps by the stall gathered them up and trotted out of the building with them, making two journeys, and he sat down and asked for more, and after waiting in vain he went to another stall, and begged openly.

"Why!" said Tom, "that's funny. He had his meat as usual! What's up, I wonder?" and as the butcher gave him a bone, Tom slipped out and followed Bob, who carried it to a most forlorn cur, who was just finishing Bob's first breakfast.

The unfortunate bad a battered old pot tied to his tail, so cruelly tight as to make cutting it free almost impossible, and by fright he had been driven into such frantic running that he was scarcely able to stagger to his feet. self in his true character of canine philan

When Tom flung the instrument of tor-ture away, Bob fairly went wild with de-light-offering him first one paw and then the other, and putting out many fierce imaginary fires, before Tom went back with his story; and though old Braddock and Garden Mary accepted it readily enough many doubting Thomases laughed at his

One week later he came boldly down the one week later to came bothly down the main passage of the market house, towing a battered wreck of a dog. Bob made straight for the Braddock stall, where he sat firmly and gravely offered his paw. It was very early and nearly all the huck-sters and butchers were onto Bob's game

seers and outchers were onto Bob's game in a moment.

"Well, I'll be hanged," said old Brad-dock. "Here—you-bob-tailed beggar, I'm willing to feed you, but I don't stand for all the mangy curs in town—so you just chase out of here!"

Bob pure out by Bob put out his tongue, panted a little nd amiably offered the other paw; then

and amiably one-cal Tom said: "Just for fun, dad, to see what they'll

"Just for fun, dad, to see what they'll do, give 'em something."

Two or three men brought over odds and ends from their stalls, while old Braddock swore and declared "they couldn't lay around there under foot all day."

But he might have spared his breath, for after the dogs had fed, Bob took the forlorn one over to Garden Mary's for a drink, and then the fun started, for the stranger showed a clear desire to stay where he was, while Bob showed an equally fixed determination to get him out.

where he was, while isob showed an equally fixed determination to get him out.

First he coaxed, tossing his head and leading his guest a few steps, as much as to say: "Come, now, you're fed, you must leave."

Then he growled and at last actually the say in the sa resorted to shoving or shouldering along, so down toward the open door hey went accompanied by a

ughter. The dog had a veritable passion for small children, and they never seemed afraid of the big, brindled, scar-faced fellow with the bright, kind eyes, whose open mouth looked wonderfully like a smile. Just as a woman will bury her face in a baby' neck and snuggle, so would Bob walk up to small persons, quivering his stumpy tail with joy and push his black, cold nose under a round cheek or chin—usually pro-voking shrieks of laughter.

Then he would look up to mother or nurse with his wise smile and come as near winking at them as dog could. So, whenever he was seen pushing his way through the thickest of the crowd and ignoring the whistle of the market people, some one

would say:

"Spot Bob! he's hot on the trail of some young one, sure."

With Tom Braddock and Garden Mary for hosts and Hank for tutor, beloved by children and consequently the adored of women, Market Bob had become a dog of position—a dog of parts—yet even higher honors were awaiting him, while unconsciously he went on his way extending his duties and taking upon his brindled shoulders more and more responsibility.

Yet for all his familiarity and close association with the marketmen and women, he never forgot his doghood. Honest and dignified he had no thought of offering insult to any dog passing through the

he never forgot his doghood. Honest and dignified he had no thought of offering insult to any dog passing through the market with his owners, but outside the building he could not be checked without a fight to a finish or a standstill.

Neither was he blind to the attractions of the fair sex; but though he indulged in a flirtation now and then it never led him beyond the second corner from the market—never. Even the beautiful greyhound that resided at the first hotel in the city, with her dainty attitudes, her graceful bounds, the roguish glances from the tall to fler eye, could not lead him one foot further away from his place of business. All gallant attention up to that point, but at the second corner he lifted his hat, so to speak and bade her a firm au revoir.

And so he flirted and fought and killed rats and watched the market until one day late in the afternoon, when the wagons

late in the afternoon, when the wagons were gone and many of the stalls closed. Hank outside under the awning was stretching Bob out flat in a first lesson playing dead dog. Bob sprang up suddenly and, rushing Inside the building, stood with head high, sniffing and working his nose excitedly.

excitedly.

"Here, you blamed fool!" called Hank,
"what in blazes did yer git up fer—yer
dead yit?"

dead yit?"
But Bob did not look dead. He began to whimper and rushed about sniffing loudly at stall after stall. Then out he tore again and went bounding down the steps that led to the cellars beneath one end of the build-

The men locking their doors one after the other, heard a long, drawn howl from Bob, who bounded back to fawn upon the men and then, furiously barking, returned

Bob, who bounded back to fawn upon the men and then, furiously barking, returned to the cellar.

"What's that fool dog kicking up such a row about?" growled one man, and Hank indignantly answered:

"He isn't a fool and you can bet your boots he isn't raisin' the devil for nothin'. Holy St. Denis, just hark to him "And the butcher replied: "I reckon we'd better go down-sounds like he'd gone mad."

Just as the two men started, Hank exclaimed: "Thunder, I smell smoke sure's yer alive. Bob's found firs!"

They rushed down and there was Bob frantically tearing at a loosely hung door, from beneath which a thin line of smoke crept. The butcher easily burst the door in and faremen were soon on hand.

To their amazement, a britished, bobtailed dog came out of the cellar, dragging a great page." Burning canvas, which had proved too much for his poor paws. Buring his excitement every loose thing he could get his teeth on had instantly been carried to the sidewalk.

The fire laddies swore, as they examined Bob's burned feet, that he was the best

The fire ladgies swore, as they examined Bob's burned feet, that he was the best firefighter in the crowd. Straightway, they determined to adopt him, but the butchers rose as one man in opposition. He was their dog. Half the city knew him as Market Bob.

"Well, then," said the firemen, "lend him—share him with us and let the other half of the city know him at Fire Bob."

And so it came about that on the Fourth of July procession, Beb with a wreath of marigolds about his neck and a small American flag in his mouth, stood queer old man there was-Hank engine and was saluted with the waving So when at last they reached the ceme-

handkerchiefs of women, the laughter of men and the joyous shouts of the little men and the joyous shouts of the little people.

Thus for years he lived the most popular dog in the city and the number of waifs and strays he brought into the old market for food and drink was almost incredible. Yet never was there a word of complaint from the men, in fact they seemed to feel that they were basking in the reflected glory of their famous dog.

From being a nameless stray he came to be the owner of an entire set of names: Market Bob, Fire Bob, Philanthropist Bob. Inspector Bob, Brindle Bob, and to one little and sunny-haired baby girl, who always carried flowers he was: "My Bobbie Bob."

always carried flowers he was: "My Bobbie Bob."

But one hot midsummer morning Bob, stretched across old Braddock's stall gate, gave no greeting.

"Well," said he, "Bob's getting old, he's sleeping yet, and sleeping sound, too. Why—why, say Bob. old chap! Get up, there's a good fellow! Bob! Bob! Oh, good Lord! Here, Tom! Tom!" he shouted, "bring some water here, quick! Something's wrong with Bob."

Hank was there first, cursing as he ran and shouting "Fire! Fire! Bob! Fire! Boy! Here, then give us your hand, right hand! Hang it all, don't play dead dog now. Rats! Rats! old man, Rats."

But Bob outstretched, slept on calmly. Water was vainly dashed into his brindled face until Hank cried:

"Tom, stop it! Hain't you got no respect for him cause he's a dog, or are you such

for him cause he's a dog, or are you such a cussed fool that you can't see as he's dead? Yes, he's gone!" and old Hank tenderly wiped the still face, where the slight contraction of the lips looked so like

Mary laid her ear to his chest and side, listening with streaming eyes, but in vain. On a pile of fresh straw he was placed and the egg and butter woman took her fresh white cotton handkerchief from her pocket and spread it over Bob's face.
"Like the good Christian he always was,"

said she with brimming eyes.

More than one stall was late in its dressing that morning—every one was startled with the news of Bob's death. "Apoplexy," said a vet, who narrowly scaped mobbing, because he wanted to

dissect the "carcass."

"Carcass!" roared old Braddock, "car "Carcass!" roared old Braddock, "carcass nothing! He was more of a man than
you are, and he's left a body—not a carcass. So you waltz out of here."

Women customers in particular were
much grieved and when the sunny-haired
baby came she had in her arms a bundle
of calla illies which grow wild in California. Their long, strong, elastic stems
made them ideal flowers to lash Bob with.
Fairly dancing with glee, she was off in

made them ideal flowers to lash Bob with.
Fairly dancing with glee, she was off in
search of him before her mother missed
her, and finding him she stripped off the
handkerchief with a laughing "peek-aboo!" then struck at him with her lily—
struck again and again. Then she stopped and looked at him with pouting rosy lips and to her mother who hurried up, she

My Bobbie Bob won't play with me. k he's tross." No," answered the mother, "he's not cross, dear, he's asleep."
"No," protested the baby, "he's des makin' believe sleep—see how he laughs?"
Again she struck him lightly with the

, then as her lips were quivering disappointment, her mother tried d her away, but the gentle little soul

to lead her away, but the gentle little soul turned back saying:
"You'se awful tross, Bobbie Bob, but you may have flower des the same," and laid the big Easter lily down close to her old playfellow's dead face. And Tom, as he replaced the handkerchief, put the lily between Bob's paws and left it there.

Betwixt tales the market people asked one another what was to be done with the body of their old friend; for not a man of them had the heart to toss it in the general dump. And while they wondered, in came

dump. And while they wondered, in came the firemen, who had heard the news and who demanded the body, that they might give it a decent burial, a demand instantly And while they wondered, in came refused by the butchers.

With both interested parties it was generally a word and a blow, with the blowagood first; and though in that instance the word came first, a good many blows

the word came first, a good many blows followed and a bloody fight was ignomini-ously ended by the police before the ques-tion at issue was settled. tion at issue was settled.

Then the matter came to the ears of the City Fathers, and the Mayor-went forth, picking up a couple of firemen and an Alderman or two. He went over to the market house and said to some of the market

men:
"What's all this row about, and where's ey led his Honor and his followers

old Bob?"
They led his Honor and his followers to the vacant stall in the dark corner, where the dog lay, and as Tom uncovered his face the Mayor nodded his head, winked hard, cleared his throat and asked again: "What was the fight about?"
The men explained, each side claiming the right to Market Bob's body. The Mayor hung his hat on the top of his cane and said:

"Hum—well 'er now, who owned Boh?"
"Why, we," began the firemen.
"Oh, go to the devil for a lot of lying blokes!" interrupted a butcher. "Why, he was known half over the town as Market Bob before you ever came up with him. He belonged to—"
"Well," broke in the Mayor, "to whom—who was his master?"
The market men shifted about uneasily: "Why, he belonged to the market," they argued. and said:

"Why, he belonged to the market," they argued.
"No, sir," snapped the Mayor. "The market is not an individual—not a citizen. It can't vote and it can't own a dog. Who did Bob belong to, answer me that?"
"Tom Braddock," growled old Hank.
His Honor turned to him: "Did you buy the dog?"
"No, sir," answered Tom, "but—"
"Did you reseive him as a gift—if so,

"No, sir, answered Tom, "but—"
"Did you receive him as a gift—if so, from whom?"
"No, sir," stammered the young man, "but I fed him first and he claimed our stall as hissen, and the boys run me about him at first, and—and—
But the Mayor raised his voice and said: "You didn't buy him, no one gave him to you you never took out a license for him. The dog doesn't belong to the firenen, either. He doesn't belong to the market men and he doesn't belong to you, Tom Braddock. He belongs to the city and the city will bury him!"
Then he wiped his forehead, which reached away over to the back of his head, and put way over to the back of his head, and put

away over to the back of his head, and put on his hat.

"You firemen can come to the funeral." A murmur came from the market men, and the Mayor turned to them. "The burial shall not take place till to-morrow evening so that you people can all attend, if you want to."

"Want to?" cried old Braddock, "you can bet your honorable socks there's not a meat-hanger or a stallholder of any sort in this market that won't want to follow Bob's lead in this last game of his."

And the Mayor stooped and stroked

follow Bob's lead in this last game of his."

And the Mayor stooped and stroked the brindled body, an action followed by each man as he passed out, and returned to his office, where he planned a procession and line of march for this funeral of the city's four-footed dead.

The musicians at the theatre came forward to say that as the funeral was to be early enough for them to get back in time for their first overture, they would provide music for Market Bob's friends to march on. So, late in the afternoon of the next day while the band stood waiting, from the engine house a great white horse draped in a heavily tasselled black net, came forth drawing a market wagon that had a sort of platform over it, all covered with black cloth.

of pattorm over it, an covered with back cloth.

High upon this catafalque stood the handsome box that held the brindled body of dear old Market Bob. On the box top lay the little flag he used to carry on the Fourth of July.

Annual of flowers which the chief had not been ashamed to place there.

The band began to play, the strange procession began to move and as it moved it grew. People came crowding to the sidewalks. Not a laugh was heard, but there was many a sot.

Children ran out and gave bunches of flowers to Hank or Tom, who marched one at the right, the other at the left of the wagon, and these were laid on the box.

one at the right, the other at the left of the wagon, and these were laid on the box. Women lifted babies, whose little hands held a few larkspurs or even dandelions, to be cast on old Bob's body; and as the ever-growing procession climbed the steep, hilly streets and reached the fashionable quarter, pretty women in white gowns came out and laid rarer, more delicate flowers on the funeral car of the city's dead.

JOE HAS A CHANCE.

Honesty and a Lost Pocketbook Bring Luck to the Little Street Boy.

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tery, where between the gleaming marbles and solemn trees one sees a blue flash of ocean, and paused just outside the walls, Bob's box was simply covered with flowers that fell in glowing masses on the platform, but the only lily was the one that the baby beautiful had left by his dead face, and it lay between his fire-scarred paws. Inside, the grave, already dug, was quite close to the cemetery wall, but outside; and even the presence of the City Fathers and some of the prominent and powerful citizens could not keep the marketmen and some of the firemen from expressing in most emphatic terms their dissatisfaction with such an arrangement.

They wanted Market Bob buried inside like any other Christian, and they were getting warm, when of all people it was Hank who settled the question. Said he, standing with his arm across the box, that held the remains of his only friend:

"Hold on, fellows—just look here a minute. Here's a mighty crowd out here that's passed in their chips, and Bob's er'going to be close enough to 'em to feel he's got company.

"And as for all that wall—why just look It was about 8 in the morning and a crowd of people had just left the Pennsylvania ferry slip and were hurrying up Cortlandt street to their various destinations. Joe Dempsey was hastening with them, intent on getting a chance to carry a valise, but every one seemed particularly able-bodied this bracing morning and each person addressed tightened his clutch on his bag and shook his head.

Joe was about to turn back and try hi luck with the Jersey Central crowd that would be due in a minute, when he saw pocketbook fall to the ground. The man who had dropped it rushed along intent only on catching the next elevated train, which he saw coming up Church street.

No one but Joe saw the pocketbook fall and he whipped it up in a second and in-And they didn't. Quietly and respectfully they buried Market Bob, close to the cemetery gate and wall. For years he had lived at the feet of the living crowd, now he slept at the feet of the crowding stead of handing it back at once, ran into a doorway to see whether there was enough n it to make its return a matter for reward. hasty examination showed him that there was over \$50 in it and he stuffed it And though years have past and the city into his pocket and rushed out after the

is now a great city—a madly rushing city—here and there an old man lingers who still remembers the day when that city buried with decency and respect its honored dog, Market Bob. Where had he gone? Ah, there he was hurrying up the elevated stairs. Joe knew him by his long gray coat. CLARA MORRIS.

No, that wasn't he, either. Joe's man in similar coat was already nearly at the top of the stairs. The boy skipped up the stairs two steps Freated Like the Other Youngsters and

at a time, brushed by the man he had mis taken for the loser of the pocketbook, bought a ticket and dropped it into the box just too late to catch the uptown train. He distinctly saw the man he was afte and he velled to him, but that gentleman

not knowing he had sustained a loss, was serene in the consciousness that he had by a great physical effort caught the train One would think that it would be a hope less task to follow and find a man who had just gone away on an elevated train, and

most boys would have given up the chase and pocketed the money; but Joe was honest, and there was the spice of an adventure in the affair. If the next train was not too long in com ing up, and he kept his eye open for a gray-coated man he might be able to notice at

on scant headway during the rush hours, and Joe's eyesight was a little better than normal. "Lost our train, didn't we, sonny?" the man whom Joe had beaten in his flight up the stairway. "I hate to miss a train.

what station he left the cars. Trains run

He was out of breath, and had lost nearly two minutes besides, and there are not over 500 minutes in a working day. Another train was in sight, and the on-

they had missed had not yet turned the corner at Murray street. "Yes, I missed it, but dis one is a special an' it'll do me just de same," said Joe, with

mock importance that he was fond of ssuming. The man looked genial and he was tempted to tell him what had caused his haste. but on second thoughts he decided to say nothing. A secret was safer if it was held

in one head. When the train came in, Joe, who was a sociable chap, would have liked to sit next the man and talk about the topics of the day-Marceni's wireless telegraphy, the visit of "der Dutch King Henry," sporting matters and the thousand and one things that the wide-awake boy was interested in -but he must stand on the platform of the first car and keep a sharp lookout ahead, and, if possible, discover the departure of

the gray-coated man. Fate was kind to the boy, and before they had gone two stations the train ahead slackened for some unexplained cau and they followed slowly and not more han a block behind, until Forty-second street was reached, and then Joe saw Grayhis long overcoat flapping on his calves.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry!" said Joe, out loud, as if addressing the engineer.

A decent time had to elapse before Joe' rain could pull into the station, and while he waited the man made his way to the street. Would he take the trolley to the Grand Central? If he did Joe would have to give up the chase or else go it blind and

trust to chance. He did not take the car, however, but walked rapidly east, and just then the rain gates were opened and Joe was released from his "special." "Go it, Johnny!"

Joe looked over his shoulder. His acquaintance of the Cortlandt street station was urging him on. He allowed him a hasty wink, and then piled down the steps as if they had been greased. The man in the gray coat was a half-

block ahead, and walking like a steam engine. He paused finally at a trunk store that bore the sign A. Alfriend & Co., and with a look at his watch went in. Joe gave a murmur of relief. His game

the German for royal highness. The sailors were very much puzzled to know how they were to distinguish one cadet from another. They were all of about the same age, and since the Prince wore a uniform identical in every respect to that worn by each of the other cadets, it was not an easy matter for the men unfamiliar with his features to recognize him when they saw him. Of course Prince Henry was not present when the captain save out this order. He heard, however, that the sailors were greatly worried about being able to recognize him on sight. This caused him much amusement and he laughingly told one of his fellow cadets that if the sailors were in doubt about being able to distinguish his features all they need do was to look at his feet. He had unusually large feet.

"Cadet life in the German Navy in those days was a far different thing from what your boys at Annapolis enjoy nowadays. They were aroused at 60 clock every morning. For washing all that was provided for the cadets were a bucket of water and towel, just the same conveniences as were given solders. The Prince used a bucket in no way were any favors shown him. After washing their faces and bands the cadets always had to 'jump the mizzentop'; in other words they had to climb the shrouds on one side of the mizzenmast and descend on the shrouds on the other side.

"This was repeated several times before breakfast. After that came instruction in the schoolroom, on the starboard side of the battery deck, while at sea the thirty enders were difficult in handling the big runs, firing rifles, and using the heavy boarding cutlasses. Landing parties were also made up when we were in port, and the future officers were instructed in making sails and tying knots. In all these exercises Prince Henry received the same instruction as the rest. He did not seek any special favors on account of his rank, and with the exception of addressing him as the captain directed, no one ever made any distinction between Prince Henry and the stern when he prince density and heave was caged. He rushed in after him and ran up to him. "Did youse drop a pocketbook?" said he, visions of a reward filling his mind.
"I guess not," said the man, calmly.
"Did you find one?"

"Look and see," said Joe excitedly "No need to look, sonny, because I never carry a pocketbook. My money always goes into this pocket, and here it is." As he spoke he put his hand into his fob pocket and pulled out a slender roll of bills.

"Chee!" ejaculated Joe. "And me fol-He pulled the pocketbook out of his pocket as he spoke and looked at it with an expression of regret that was laughable. It was quickly followed by an expression of joy, but at this juncture Mr. Alfriend

Well, you're honest, anyway. Maybe there's an address in it. Come into my private office and we'll see what's to be

Henry made some remark about their mission and Emperor William replied. I hope to God there is not a Hodieferant [furnisher to the crown] among them.

"Prince Henry's family life has been ideal. He always speaks of the Princess as 'my wife,' seldom calling her by her title. His children he never calls by their titles. Sometines I have heard his fellow officers say whon he is out late at night the Prince will excuse himself and leave for home, frequently saying that his wife will be anxious if he does not arrive on time. Prince Henry is one of the most popular officers in the German Navy to-day." \$87, a recipe for making Venetian cakes,

dat findin's is keepin's w'en a feller went t'ree or four miles out of his way to chase up der wrong duck---" "The money doesn't belong to you any way you put it. The man who lost it may need it badly. You can't earn \$87 by taking a

Sign seen surmounting a big pumpkin who dropped it, but your honesty must keep you at it until you've made a big effort to find him. You must advertise the loss.

Do you think be came out of the Pennsylvania ferryhouse?"
"Sure, Chee, I wisht I'd 'a' kept me mout shut," said Joe.

loss and perhaps tempt some fellow to claim it who had no right to it.

Joe's quick little brain had imagined himself a capitalist. He was tired of drifting about the streets, and he had decided to use the money to set him up in the fruitvending business. And now to give up all claim to it, and perhaps lose even the reward that should be his, was a little eyond his notions of what was fair.

his money up to him, but it was altogethe too far-fetched to go and advertise hi

"If you want," said the man, "I'll adver tise it myself and if the owner turns up I'll see to it that he hears what you've done and you'll get a reward if I have to pay-Further conversation was cut short

by the excited entrance of Joe's fellow assenger on the elevated. "Say, George, why didn't you wait for me? I've lost my pocketbook with nearly

hundred dollars in it. Must have had my pocket picked. What'll I do about it? Had some loos change in my pocket and paid my fare with that, so I'm not sure just when I los Went back to the station at Forty-

cond street, but couldn't find it. The man had rattled so fast that although ooth Joe and Mr. Alfriend tried hard to insert a word they couldn't begin to do it When he had finished, George said.

"You ought to lose money carrying it around in a pocketbook like a woman guess this is it."

At this point Joe slapped his knee and rled out, "I was right der foist time, after all. I t'ought it was you I was chasin' but dis man had der same kin' of a coat an' he was runnin' ter beat der ban' an' so I chased him. Youse mus' be brudders. Youse look mos' der same. If ye'd told me you'd los' der money I wouldn' have

ame way up here. Why, I didn't know I'd lost it until was out of the station. But we don't ook so much alike as all that. My brother has side whiskers and I have a chin heard. But anyhow I'm glad you found it.

"Yes, and that recipe for Venetian cakes, said George, laughing. "Oh, that's something that Martha told me to give to Helen and I keep forgetting

"Ye see." said Joe. "if I'd a went by your aces I wouldn' have made no mistake, out I stopped to see w'at was in der pocketbook an' den I went by der coats an' der nustle, an' dis feller had er same kin' of coat on, but der biggest hustle an' w'en you dropped der money youse was jus' ettin' a hustle on, so I mixed der two of

"Well, it's all in the family," said George Alfriend, "and my brother owes you at east \$5. Isn't that so, Tom?"

"Sure," said Tom, taking a five-dollar oill out of his pocketbook and handing it o Joe

"T'anks," said Joe. "On'y wisht de owner never had toined up. "Well, where are you going now," said Mr. Thomas Alfriend as Joe, with rather a disconsolate face, moved toward the door

Are you working anywhere?" "No, boss, nuthin' regulyer. Wisht I was. Don't you want a boy to run errants?"

"Why, of course we do," said Ge quickly, as if to head Thomas off from saying no. "We want a live boy to run errands and learn the business and be onest and if you think you'll do you needn't go downtown until evening. What do you think, Tom?"

"I think," said Tom, "that a chance that comes in this way is a chance that wise boy will freeze onto." And Joe froze to it

CHINAMEN CROSS ON ICE. dipping Into This Country From Over the

From the Buffalo Times. source of entry which has been used by Chinamen to gain entrance to this country has been discovered by the Federal authorities, and they are keeping a close watchout The way the Chinamen are believed to enter this country from Canada is by cross-ing the ice. This manner of entry will soon be done away with by the warm weather, but during the winter it is believed that many Celestials gained entrance in this manner. The ice for over a month was in good condition and would admit the crossing of large parties from Canada to this side of the Luke. What makes the authorities firm in this what makes the authorities firm in this belief is the arrest of three Chinamen and two white men by Deputy United States Marshal Sturm recently. He had heard that Celestials were boarding trains at South Buffalo, near the city line, so he decided to make an investigation. Early one morning not long since he traveled out to South Buffalo and waited. His patience was rewarded, About 2 o'clock in the morning he discovered three Mongolians about to board a train bound for the East. He placed them under arrest and they are at present in jail awaiting hearths are

bound for the East. He placed them under arrest and they are at present in jall awaiting hearings.

Within the past twenty days seventy-one of the yellow-skinned personages have been seen at Windmill Point, a small town a few miles up the lake, on the Canadian side. They lived in barns and old unused houses. These Chinamen began to disappear as if by masic, and to-day it is deubtful if one could be found there. The supposition is that they crossed over the ice to the United States, and this supposition is backed up by the arrest of the three Mongolians at South Buffalo. A large portion of them, it is believed, entered outside of the city limits. Then, too, it is safer to land in the vicinity of South Buffalo and get a train near the outskirts of the city than to pass through the city. They are not so liable to capture. Hundreds of Chinamen are believed to have entered this country by that means, and it is safe betting that the white men who are smuggling them into this country have made a profitable business this winter.

The Grand Trunk Railroad and other roads pass near Windmill Point, and all during the winter Chinamen have been let off at stations in the vicinity of the point. They enter Canada at British Columbia after paying their \$100 head tax. The rest is comparatively easy. There are regularly organized companies, as they might be called, who take the "Chinks" who desire to come into this country in tow, and after paying them a certain sum they land them on this side of the border, place them on trains and after that they are compelled to shift for themselves.

From the Springfield Republican.

The coming of Prince Henry to our country reminds me of an interesting incident in the life of his father, "Crown Prince Fritz," as the people leved to call him. It was a pretty story which was told us while stopping in a

well-known hotel in Munich:
"One evening, on the coming of the omni-bus from the station to the hotel, a gentle-"One evening, on the coming of the omnibus from the station to the hotel, a gentleman and wife alighted, dressed in a plain suitable travelling costume, and asked for a room. 'Oh, said the clerk, 'I an sorry, and a white bone button—not very substantial clues.

"I say," said Joe, suspiciously, "I t'ink dat findin's is keepin's w'en a feller went tree or four miles out of his way to chase up der wrong duck—"
"No, my boy," interrupted Mr. Alfriend. "The money doesn't belong to you any way you put it. The man who lost it may need it badly. You can't earn \$87 by taking a ride on the elevated from Cortlandt street to Forty-second.
"It was honest of you to chase the man who dropped it, but your honesty must keep you at it until you've made a big effort to find him. You must advertise the loss. Do you think he came out of the Pennsylvania ferrylouse?"
"Sure, Chee, I wisht I'd a' kept me mout shut," said Joe.

"It's aid Joe.

"One evening, on the coming of the omnibus from the station to the hotel, a gentleman and wife alighted, dressed in a plain but suitable travelling costume, and asked for a room. 'Oh, said the clerk,' lan sorry,' lan sorry, in the station to the hotel, a gentleman and wife alighted, dressed in a plain to suitable travelling costume, and asked for a room. 'Oh, said the clerk,' lan sorry, and the land to suitable travelling costume, and asked for a room of the hote, a gentleman and wife alighted, dressed in a plain to suitable travelling costume, and asked for a room of the loss of the does to suit while and the suitable travelling costume, and asked for a room to wend the travelling costume, and asked for a room like that is untable travelling costume, and asked for a room the the room in the house costumed the room in the house costumed the room and the station in the house as all the one and white a said the sa

## was one thing to chase a man and deliver | MAHS' TOOLEY'S FAT 'POSSUMS.

ATALE, SECOND HAND, FROM THE DISMAL SWAMP COUNTRY.

Black Homer of Jimtown Tells of the Conduct of Doublehead John When His Master Had Unavaile ingly Held Down Three 'Possums

in a Gum Tree for Two Days, SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., March 8 .- \* Dat Doublehead John niggah w'at Mahs' McKeevuh done fotch fum de dismals kentry, befo' de wah," said the Black Homer of Jimtown, "mus' sho'ly have powerful times w'en he live up dah, suh, else dat Doublehead John bean de mos' troofless cullud pusson w'at evuh do ope he mouf

"Ol' Mahs' Tooley w'at done rise dat su'prisin' nigguh, so Doublehead John declah, been monst'us fon' o' 'possum huntin' an' he boun' to reckon dat he de bes' possum huntuh dah been in all de dismals kentry, an' he nevuh do hunt wiv anybody but heself an' he dog.

"One night Mahs' Tooley he out in de big dismal aftuh 'possums an' de nex' mo'nin he dog it bean back home all right, but Mahs' Tooley he doan' git dah; an' all dat day it done go, an' Mahs' Tooley he doan' git back yit. An' den de nex' night Doublehead John he des' reckon he go out in de dismal attuh 'possums he ownself, an' go

"Bimeby he 'gin to chop down a hig tree w'at he sho'ly think he see a 'possum scuffle up. He whack de tree wiv he axe an' de chips des 'a flyin', w'en he heah comin' frum out de haht o' dat tree dese hyuh

whah yo' choppin', yo' sho'ly boun' to cut my haid off! Go 'way fum dah!' "Dat des' de way Doublehead John tell suh, an' he say he des' bout skeeuht to

"'Mighty Gabr'el!' he holluh. 'Dat 'possum he done fine he tongue des' like Balaam's ass! Dat a wahnin' sho'ly! I bet yo' I gwine to die!' he holluh, an' he drop he axe, dat Doublehead John do, an' skirmish fo' home like ol' Satan been attuh

skirmish fo' home like ol' Satan been attuh him.

"When he git dah he bust right in de ol' mammy's cabin an' stan' dah shiverh'n, an' shakin' des' lack he bean took wiv de chills an' feveuh, an' skeeuh de ol' mammy mos' till she shivuh an' shake huh arms off.

"Yo' Doublehead John, yo'!' she holluh, 'waffo' yo' so scarrified? Yo' pale mos' as a soap kittle! I bet yo' bean stealin' c'on ag'in, an' de hoodoo done chase yo', yo' onsubstantious nigguh, yo'!' de ol' mammy she holluh.

"I bet yo' yo' bean scarrified, too,' Doublehead John, he whimpuh, 'if yo' heah a ol' possum talkin' an' swah'n at yo' fum de haht of a hollow gum tree, 'way out dah in de big disma!"

in de big disma!"
"De ol' mammy she hol' up huh han's an' Say: Fum de haht of a hollow gum tree?

she say.
"Yes'm,' Doublehead John he say.
"'A talkin' an' a swah'n?' de ol' mammy say. Yes'm, Doublehead John he say.

'way, 'way off. Co se dat he: Who yo' is?'

"I ol' Mammy Josephine!' she holluh back. 'Waffo' yo' in dah, suh?'

"I des' holdin' down free de fattes' 'possums w'at evuh dine in a 'simmon tree!' Mahs' Tooley he grumble fum de hollow. 'How yo' done trail me down?'

"Doublehead John he gwine to chop a 'possum outen dis hyuh tree des' a spell ago,' de ol' mammy she holluh, 'an' he scarrified 'mos' to deff' keze he tink de 'possum holluh an' swah at him. Dat

bean yo', I recko

he holluh.
" 'I reckon dey git away, suh,' Doublehead
John say, an' de ol' mammy she moan an'

groan.

"Dey done git away!' Mahs' Tooley, he holluh. 'Mighty Gabr'el! I bean settin' hyah in dat holluh gum, holdin' down dem 'possums dese mo' dan two days, an' now yo' des' come along, yo' wuffless nigguh yo', an' chop a hole in dat tree an' let 'em git away! I gwine to joggle yo', I bet you'

"An' Mahs' Tooley he t'un to an' swat day oo' sigguh an' joggle him, an' humble

do declah."

"An' Doublehead John, so he tell us, bean so mortificacious ovuh w'at he doue do dat he declah he bean sorry evuh since dat he evuh do put de tap of an axe to dat tree at all—he dat mortificacious ovuh w'at he done do.

"Yes, suh. Doublehead John bean a su'prisin' nigguh, sho'ly, an' et he doan bean des' as troofless as he bean su'prisin', he sho'ly done have powuhful times w'en he live up dah in de dismals kentry."

"'Hol' on out dah! Ef vo' axe shoots from

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"Swah'n pohwfulles' kine!"
"Den de ol' mammy she swat dat suprisin' nigguh till he eahs dey ring so dat
he say he bet yo' dey kin heah 'em all ovuh
de plahntation, an' she holluh:

"Oh, yo' thinkless nigguh! 'Possum!
Dat doan' be no 'possum' Dat been yo'
Mahs' Tooley, w'at sho'ly fall in dat hollow
gum w'en he chasin' a 'possum, an' he
cain't git out! Come along wiv me!' she
holluh.

"An' Doublehead John he go 'long wiv huh, an' teck huh to de gum tree whah he

huh, an' tees say de 'possum done at him. De ol' maminy she tap an' holluh.

"'Dat yo' in dah, Mahs' Tooley?'

"'Sho'ly!' de answer it done rise fum in dah, des' lack a man talkin' w'en he bean in dah, des' lack a man talkin' wen he bean 'way. 'way off. 'Co'se dat me! Who 'way. 'way off. 'Co'se dat me! who suh?'

"An' Mahs' Tooley he t'un to an' swat dat po' nigguh, an' joggle him, an' humble an' twis' him roun' dah till he doan' know wevyuh he a livin' pusson or des' about free yahds of ol' rag cahpet, an' de ol' naumny she jaw him till she cain't jaw no mo', 'kaze he so monst'us undiscreetionless as to let dem dah fat 'possums git away.

"Yo' shameless nigguh!" she jaw. 'Dat a fine way to treat po' Mahs' Tooley. I do declah!"
"An' Doublehead John, so he tell us.

scarrified 'mos' to dell' keze he tink de 'possum holluh an' swah at him. Dat bean yo', I reckon?'

"'Reckon so,' Mahs' Tooley he squeech back. 'Dat fool nigguh des' boun' to slivuh my haid ef he keep on choppin' whah he begin. Whah he is?'

"'He right hyuh, suh, wiv he axe,' de ol' mammy she holluh. 'How in de wide wirl' yo' evuh do git in dah?'

"'I grabbin' fo' de 'possum up dah to de top, an' I tumble in.' Mahs' Tooley peep.' But de 'possum he in hyuh, too, I bet yo'! Free de fattes' 'possum w'at evuh make de oven smell fine!'

"'Oh, hush!' ol' mammy she holluh, wipin' de watuh 'way fum huh mouf. 'W'at yo' standin' dah fo', yo' ongrateful nigguh, yo'?' she holluh. 'Skimmish roun' an' cut dem 'possums out, an' let yo' ol' mahstuh free fum dah!'

"Yes, an' yo' chop mighty low, nigguh!' Mahs' Tooley he peep out.

"Doublehead John he chop an' chop, an' bimeby he git a big hole clean froo to de hollow in de tree, an' out pop a 'possum de like it bean shoot out fum dah, an' it plink hahd ag'in de place whah de ol' mammy weer huh ap'on, an' down she go.

"De 'possum it skittuh away, an' out pop anuddah one an' anudder one, an' skittuh away in de dahk. De ol' mammy she rise des' as Mahs' Tooley he crawlin' out de hole w'at Doublehead John chop.

"She puffin' desp'ut, 'kaze de 'possum done squelch de win' mos' outen huh. Mahs' Tooley he rubs he eyes an' holluh.

"What dey is?'

"What who is?' Doublehead John he say.

"Dem free fat 'possums!' Mahs' Tooley he holluh.

"I reckon dey git away, suh,' Doublehead John you. Joh